

FATHER CONFESSOR

Don't ask me why,
but this young guy came to me for advice:
"You won't repeat this, will you?"
"No," I said.
"And you won't ever write about it?"
"I might if it's interesting," I said,
"but I'll leave your name out of it."
"But I don't want you to write it!"
"Then don't tell me."
"But I want to tell you,
but I don't want you to write about it."
"You're a spoiled only child," I said;
"unfortunately I'm one also."

"It's about sex," he said.
"My field is Modern Lit," I said.
"The girl I'm living with can't get an orgasm."
"Use your imagination," I said,
"and if that doesn't work try your finger."
"That seems like masturbation," he said.
"It's love," I said. "All of it is love."

"Well," he continued, "she wants to come
with me in her and she says I don't last long enough."
"How long do you last?" I asked.
"I have trouble lasting much more than a couple of hours."
"Excuse me," I said, "but I've been drinking to excess
of late and I'm afraid my hearing is failing.
Do you think you could repeat that?"
He did.

At that moment I knew how the Red Sox scouts must have
felt
the first time they saw Ted Williams swing a bat.
"Kid," I said, "I just might be able to arrange
some business opportunities for you
that would help you put yourself through college."

But he was head-over-heels in love
with the broad who wanted mutual orgasms,
so I sent him back to her
with an admonition to try a little harder.
Whenever I see him now,
his face is a bit more drawn.